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Dramatis Personæ.

HIRAXIS, *The King.*

MARCELLU *Brother to the King.*

ARCHON, *Father to OLINDA.*

OLINDA, *contracted to MARCELLUS.*

DELIA, *Attendant on OLINDA.*

SCENE, *The Palace.*



SCENE, *The Court.*

Enter the KING and DELIA.

KING.

I Ndeed, my *Delia*, I did hope e'er this
Thy soft Persuasion might have soften'd her.
But I perceive no Change ; she still appears
Cold as the Mountain Snow ; and I much fear
The fiercest Flame that rages in my Breast
Will ne'er have Pow'r to thaw her Icy Heart,
My faithful *Delia* ! What more can be done ?
How does she take her Father's Imprisonment ?

DELIA.

O ! it wou'd move, I think, the most Obdurate
To see her Tears, and hear her Mourning, for him !
I wish your Majesty had not imposed this Task
On my weak Age ; for she has Arguments
That wou'd confute one more experienc'd
In those Arts than me. I am to meet her
In the Jess'mine Grove, and this the appointed Time.

KING.

Then go, and loose no Opportunity
To do me Service ; and, Oh ! may thou prove
More fortunate than hitherto thou hast been.

[*Exit Delia. Enter the Prince.*]

PRINCE.

I fear I interrupt your Majesty.

A 2

KING.

K I N G.

No, my Brother ; for I wanted one
To hold discourse with. I, indeed, was musing ;
And my Thoughts were fix'd on Woman.
Tell me, do you think there's any virtuous ?
Such, I mean, as can resist the Force of Inclination ;
Nor any Bribe can tempt into Compliance.

P R I N C E.

Some, no doubt, there are ; but rarely found,
As are good Men ; and, I believe, that once
I found the much wish'd Blessing.

K I N G.

And was she beauteous too ?

P R I N C E.

So, indeed, I thought her.

K I N G.

Then, I suppose, you lov'd the Charmer.

P R I N C E.

'Twas Gratitude first taught my Heart to love
That wond'rous Maid, whose charitable Hand
Preserv'd my Life, as you have heard me tell,
When fall'n beneath the Pow'r of vile Assassins ;
And, after, saved me from a greater Ruin.
When taught by her to shun the Paths of Sin,
Silent I stood, and listen'd to the Fair.
She spoke, of what is rarely heard in Courts,
Of Heav'n, and this stupendous Frame the World :
Of the Perfections of its various Parts ;
Describing Men, and Brutes, and Trees, and Plants ;
Sea, Air, their numberless Inhabitants ;
Nay, ev'n the smallest Blossom of the Spring,

She

She plainly shew'd did bear such Beauty in't,
As was sufficient to inflame our Minds
With holy Wonder, rapturous Devotion.
But when she soar'd above, and reach'd the Clouds,
She then displayed such an amazing Scene
Of all the Heavenly Bodies and their Order !
With clearest Reasoning, charm'd my very Soul,
Subdu'd each Prejudice lay lurking there ;
I cou'd but wish the beauteous Charmer mine.

K I N G.

Then That it is occasions all your Dulness,
Which is too visible to all the Court.
For shame, shake off this Weakness, and appear
Your self.

P R I N C E.

Mistake me not ; that's not my Cause of Grief,—
For Her I mourn.

K I N G.

What ! Is she dead ?

P R I N C E.

Perhaps she is ; howe'er to me she's so :
For much I fear I ne'er shall see her more.

K I N G.

Nay, then, I do confess, I pity you.
But now some Business of Importance waits
My quick Dispatch ; or I cou'd willing hear,
And listen to the moving, mournful Tale.

[*Exeunt.*



The

The S C E N E, *A Grove.*

Enter OLINDA reading, after a Pause she speaks.

Knowledge ! thou mighty much-desired Bliss !
Delightful Source, from whence true Pleasures flow !
By Thee we plainly view those Faculties
The Soul possesses ; the rich Gift of Heav'n,
When it vouchsaf'd to breath into us Life.

[*Enter DELIA.*]

Welcome, *Delia* ! Say, how fares my Father ?
Indeed, we're much obliged to thy good Nature.

D E L I A.

Madam, believe't, I'd willingly do more,
Much more to serve you, were it in my Pow'r.
He sent his Blessing, hoped you'd persevere
In ev'ry Virtue he had taught your Youth.
Nor grieve for him ; the feeble Lamp of Life
Now dully burns ; declining Strength each Hour
Warns him approaching Dissolution's near.

O L I N D A.

Alas, the Day ! — yet I will dry my Tears.
Perhaps my Days are fewer ; prithee come
A little nearer, and receive a Proof
Of my confiding Soul in thy rare Virtue.
Tho' once Distrust perplex'd my doubting Breast,
I will disclose what yet with Care I've kept
A Secret from the King. Know thou, good Maid,
I love.

D E L I A.

Love !

O L I N D A.

[5]
O L I N D A.

Yes, *Delia*, I confess the tender Flame
Of my Retirement. Thou hast heard me speak
How from an Infant I was bred in Solitude,
And taught in all the beauteous Paths of Virtue
By an indulgent, tender Parent's Care.

D E L I A.

Each Circumstance with Pleasure I have heard,
And found my self excited to pursue
The beauteous Pattern you so well described.
But I interrupt.

O L I N D A.

Books and Religion took up all my Time,
Except when Nature prompted to unbend,
And in some rural Scene refresh this Frailty.
Know then, one Evening as we walk'd abroad
To view the Growth of a young rising Shade,
We heard a dismal Groan; led by the Sound
To an adjoining Meadow; there we found
Stretch'd on the Ground a Man distain'd with Blood!
Not the least Motion gave us Hopes of Life;
Yet Charity induc'd us to attempt,
By all the kind Assistance we cou'd give,
To fix the hovering Soul, if not quite fled.
Success the pious Resolution crown'd:
The Heart its wonted Function re-assum'd;
And sent, tho' weakly, to the distant Parts
Th' enliv'ning Stream, which warm'd him into Motion.

D E L I A.

Indeed, 'tis a moving Tale; but, pray, proceed.

O L I N D A.

[6]
O L I N D A

His beauteous Person, where each manly Grace
 Shone beaming forth, I heed not to describe :
 But only tell thee, that he had a Mind
 Seem'd bent to Virtue as her chiefest Good ;
 Tho' the Corruptions of a vicious Age,
 Which seem to stand in need of Miracles,
 To rouse them from their dangerous Lethargy,
 Had seem'd to stain its native Purity.
 No sooner did our Intim'cy commence,
 But all those Clouds dispers'd, and straight arose
 So beautiful a SUN, that I believe,
 That all the low'ring and tempestuous Storms,
 Which cruel Persecution e'er did raise,
 Cou'd e'er eclipse or darken its bright Beams.
 After two Years of most assiduous Love,
 His Constancy obtain'd his ardent Wish.
 In my Assurance I'd be only his,
 He gave such Proofs of his Sincerity,
 That Caution cou'd not one Objection raise :
 Then took his Leave, appointing a fix'd Time
 For his Return ; but the preceding Morn,
 Before that happy one, which should succeed,
 The King, whilst hunting, found our Privacy,
 And snatch'd me thence, spite of my Pray'rs and Tears ;
 Bereaving me at once of every Joy ;
 And still continues to afflict my Soul
 With the severest Torture, A Parent's Suffering !
 Hoping by that to bend me to his Will :
 His brutal Will — At which detested Thought
 All Nature sickens in me.

DELIA.

[70]
D E L I A.

Trust me, your Suff'rings give me much Distress.

O L I N D A.

I do believe thee ; and I prithee add
To all thy Kindness yet one Favour more :
Which is, when Sleep has seal'd up ev'ry Eye,
(Save only those, which Grief, like mine, keep wake)
Thou to my Father's Prison wou'd attend me :
For there alone must I find Consolation.

D E L I A.

Consider, Madam, shou'd the impatient King,
Whose firey Temper yields to no Restraint,
Of my Compliance ever be inform'd ;
No longer then my Service cou'd befriend you :
But, if it's possible, I will attend you.

O L I N D A.

I thank thee ; and 'till then let us withdraw
Into that pleasing Grott I love so much.
There we may think of the securest Means
To accomplish our Design.

[*Exeunt.*]



The SCENE, A Prison.

ARCHON *discovered.*

A R C H O N.

All's hush'd around ; and now the busy World,
With all its great Variety of Pleasures,
Its noisy Tumults and distracting Jarrs,
Is for a Moment still'd in Night's dead Gloom.
The plotting Statesman, and the cringing Courtier,

B

The

The humble Cottager, and Rustick Swain,
Lie all fast lock'd within the Arms of Sleep.
Sleep ! Thou kind Companion in Affliction,
In Thee the poor Man is possess'd of Wealth ;
In Thee, the Cold, the Naked, and the Hungry,
Are warm, are cloathed, are satisfy'd with Food :
In Thee the Pris'ner may enjoy his Freedom,
And bless'd by Thee forget his Wretchedness.

[Enter OLINDA.]

Ah ! am I awake ? Or do I really sleep ?
And this the kind Delusion of some Dream ?
Or has some friendly Sprite assum'd that Shape,
And comes to cheer me ? Speak, I charge thee, speak !
For whilst Thou wears that much lov'd beauteous Form,
I can without the least Amazement hear.

OLINDA.

O my lov'd Father ! Once more I am bless'd
To see you, fold you in these duteous Arms ;
Yet O forgive my Tears ; for they will fall,
While I behold you in this Scene of Woe !
My Heart is torn, whilst with augmented Grief
I view my self the Cause of all your Misery !

ARCHON.

Oh ! my Daughter ! Am I so happy ? Moderate
Thy Grief. Thou art no Cause 'Tis for Heav'n's Cause
We suffer ; and thou art made its Instrument
By which it tries our Virtue. O ! may that
Heav'n preserve my Child in all the Storms
Of Life. I prithee now inform me, how thou found
This Opportunity to visit thy poor Father in
His Sadness.

OLINDA.

O L I N D A.

Sad, sad, indeed. — Believe me, Sir, 'till now I
Never knew such Sorrow as does possess my Soul,
To see you here confin'd within this Dungeon !
Much I fear depriv'd of ev'ry Comfort, excepting
What poor *Delia* can administer. It is to her
Goodness that we owe this Interview ; her wond'rous
Modesty wou'd not permit her to enter with me,
Fearing her Presence might prove an Interruption
In our Meeting.

A R C H O N.

Indeed, she hath a sweet and gentle Nature,
Apt to compassionate and pity Misery :
Her Charity has oft reliev'd my Pain.
O ! may good Heav'n reward her manifold
For all she hath vouchsafed to thee and me.
But there is something yet remains untold ;
Something I dread to hear. The King ! how does
He treat my Child ? And how does she preserve
Her Virtue from his lawless Love ?

O L I N D A.

O killing Sound ! O Source of all our Woe !
Yet I am safe ; but I, methinks, do stand
Like one plac'd on some dang'rous Precipice ;
Beholding the vast gloomy Waste below ;
Fearing that the next Blast of Wind that blows,
Will hurl him headlong down, to rise no more !

A R C H O N.

Good Heav'n preserve my Child from such a Ruin !

O L I N D A.

O Sir! I am much distress'd, and much I want your Comfort; for your superiour Wisdom wou'd no doubt Often refresh my Soul in this her so calamitous Condition. O! why am I deprived of that Relief? And why is Virtue thus o'erwhelm'd with Sorrow?

A R C H O N.

Take care, and do not question or dispute Heaven's Dispensations — It thou know'st is good, And cannot act unjustly; and tho' some Things Arise which we cannot account for, the Time Will come, it will, my Child, when we shall understand All the mysterious Ways of Providence. 'Till then Let us be cheared; nor let thy Sorrows, however Sharp and numerous they be, depress thee like the Brute; but let him see, that the Almighty Pow'r, Which now permits thee to be distress'd by Him, For Reasons wise and secret, can support thee In the greatest Tryal, and for our small Obedience Much reward us.

O L I N D A.

This I believe; and in this Hope I stand: But Human Nature's frail, and very apt to slip. May Heav'n forgive my Weakness!

A R C H O N.

Amen, I say; then think, my Daughter, how many There has been, who have largely suffer'd in The Cause of Virtue: These all were dear to Heaven And it was gracious bestowing Titles to such Happiness, as they are now possess'd of.

Freedom

Freedom in Choice was sure dispenc'd to all,
To Men and Angels ; and when we sacrifice
What is most dear rather than disobey, then most
We please ; and larger our Performances in Goodness,
Greater is the Reward ; and that so great, we
Cannot comprehend it ; let us but take a View
Of what is present : How lovely is each Part of
This Creation ! How various are its Beauties ! And
What do some with Innocence enjoy, even in this
Fall'n State ! Then how much greater had not Man
Transgress'd ? Then can we think that in Variety Heav'n
Will be barren ? No : The Difference is so wide,
It will not bear Comparison ; let this suffice
To make us persevere.

O L I N D A.

Bless'd be that Tongue, from whence these pleasing
Sounds were ever wont to flow, and tune my Soul

A R C H O N.

Something still I wou'd enquire of thee, but fear
I shall by it renew thy Sorrows.

O L I N D A.

O speak, for 'tis my Happiness to hear

A R C H O N.

Hear'st thou nothing concerning that unhappy Youth ?

[O L I N D A weeps.
Thy Grief has answer'd me. Thou weep'st, my Daughter,
And thy Tears are due. Thou wilt e'er long allow
This Tribute to my Memory. Thou wilt remember
Me when I am gone.

O L I N D A.

T O A

O L I N D A.

When I forget you, may I fall indeed.

Witness my Cares by Day, my Dreams by Night,
For you, and for your Safety.

Do not my Morning and my Evening Prayers
Ascend? Like Incense, in Devotion, up to good Heav'n,
For Blessings upon you?

A R C H O N.

Thou art my only Happiness on Earth.
I know thy Goodness; and this was not said to doubt
Thy filial Love? No, rather to indulge my Fondness
For thee. Blessings attend thee! Then be of Comfort,
And hope Heaven will preserve thee from this
Threaten'd Ruin. My constant Prayers shall be for
Thy Deliverance.

And, if this feeble Life is near an End;
(As this, perhaps, is the last Time we meet!)
If Spirits have a Knowledge of below;
If they have Power to succour the Distress'd:
Be sure, my constant Care shall always wait thee.
Alas! thou art drown'd in Tears; and much they
Move me. I fear least something happen to
Discover you; and that, thou know'st, wou'd
Be an ill Return to all poor *Delia's* Kindness,
And deprive us both of her Assistance. Then
Let us part. Farewell, farewell! And may good
Angels guard thee from ev'ry Ill, 'till they
Conduct thee safe to those bless'd Mansions
[Weeps.] Where no Sorrow dwells;
Where we shall meet in Peace, to part no more.

A C T

ACT the Second.

Enter the King and Prince.

K I N G.

TIS strange, methinks, indeed, 'tis wond'rous strange,
That, in the Midst of this Variety which we possess,
You can't enjoy enough to cure your Grief. I pray
Now let me hear your Sentiments of what you call
A virtuous Passion. I ne'er experienc'd any, but what
Serv'd to gratify each Sense with most Delight, and to
Make room to entertain another, and another yet
More new.

P R I N C E.

Just so the Brutes enjoy.—But Man; Man, who was
Made but little less than the Angelic Train, thou'd
Sure have nobler Views and Pleasures more extensive,
And refin'd.

K I N G.

Now, now, indeed, you soar; but pray proceed,
And reason as your Fancy shall direct.
Shew ev'ry Circumstance in the best Light.
What are those mighty Pleasures lie beyond
What Gold can daily purchase? Does not each
Fair afford us as much Love as any of your
Virtuous Ones can do?

P R I N C E.

How often is that sacred Word abus'd?
Nothing's more common than to say, We love;
When

When 'tis most sure 'e shou'd bear a fouler Name.
Our Love, when pure, dwells chiefly in the Mind,
And finds a many Pleasures that's unknown
To Persons you describe. —

A virtuous Love can easily forego
All gross Enjoyment rather than destroy
The Peace of what it loves. All that is spoke
Of Friendship may in it be found with this
Peculiar Happiness annex,
That all we do administers Delight;
And may, perhaps, be a Resemblance
Of Love divine.

K I N G.

Alas, fond Man! I'm sorry for your Weakness:
But I see One approaching will require
My private Converse.

P R I N C E.

I will not interrupt your Majesty:
But give me Leave to ask you, if you've found
In any of your Walks a Paper I have lost?

K I N G.

Indeed, I did not.

P R I N C E.

I'm sorry for't. Good Health attend your Majesty.

K I N G.

Farewell; and when we next shall meet I shall be
Glad to find you chang'd, my Brother. [Exit.

Enter DELIA.

I come to know my royal Master's Will.
Your Page inform'd me, that it was your Pleasure
I shou'd attend you here.

PRINCE.

K I N G.

Oh, *Delia* ! what a Night was last !
 Early thou know'st I did retire to rest ; but in vain !
 No Rest was to be found, and long was Sleep a Stranger
 To these Eyes. Pity and Love did combat in my Breast,
 And all my Thoughts were on the beauteous fair One,
 How I might win her to these longing Arms.

D E L I A.

Oh ! cherish still that Pity which you find !
 It will be gracious in you ; and, if I might presume,
 To give you Council, it will be for your Ease :
 For She's so very cold, I'm apt to think,
 You ne'er will work a Change.

K I N G.

But She's a Woman, therefore may be gain'd ;
 And Difficulty in Love is apt to add a Relish to our
 Pleasures. Still then I'll try to court her Smiles ;
 But if she will be deaf to all Entreaty,
 And with her sullen Pride repel my Flame,
 I am resolv'd to treat her with more Harshness.

D E L I A.

Oh, Royal Sir ! did you but know her Worth,
 It could not fail to raise Compassion in you.
 Prudence and Wisdom, like Twin-Sisters, dwell
 Within her Breast ; so delicately chaste are all her
 Thoughts, that ev'n the most abandon'd must be aw'd
 When they approach with any loose Desire.

K I N G.

No more of that, I charge thee. First, I'll try
 To work upon her Father ; but am unfit,
 At present, by my last Night's Trouble.

C

I feel

I feel a pleasing Dulness steal upon me :
I will encourage it ; and, when I've slept,
I'll see him in the Priſon. [Exit King.]

DELIA, *ſolus.*

He's gone.—O! that in this Sleep a Dream might come
So big with Horreur as might affright him from this
Intended Wrong. But ſee the fair afflicted Mourner comes
Dreſs'd like the Morn, when it breaks forth in Showr's!

Enter OLINDA, *ſpeaking as ſhe enters.*

Where art thou, *Delia*? I ſaw the King retire ;
So came to find thee:—But, O! to tell thee what my
Heart has felt during thy Abſence is impoſſible. Say,
Haſt thou yet one Glimpſe of Comfort left? Or,
Is my Doom decreed? And muſt I, muſt I,
Delia, be undone?

DELIA.

Still there is yet ſome little Time allow'd ;
And that's ſome Comfort, Madam.
I never ſaw the King ſo mov'd before. He has ſpoke of Pity.
And was he not ſo loſt in Infidelity,
I ſhou'd have Hope that you wou'd overcome.
He does deſign anon to ſee your Father ;
I ſuppoſe, to try to bribe his Virtue.

OLINDA.

Good Heav'n inſpire my Father's Tongue with Art
[geſ's Eloquence]

Give all his Words ſuch Force as may have Pow'r
To change his Heart from this and ev'ry Ill!

DELIA.

A ſad Reflection ſure it needs muſt bring,
When Rulers (Heaven's Miniſters on Earth,

To punish Vice, and to reward the Virtuous;
Shou'd be so swallow'd up, so lost in Pleasure.

O L I N D A.

Thy Observation's just, nor need we wonder
The common Part of Men, who're nurs'd in Ignorance,
When compar'd to those Advantages which some receive,
Shou'd be so careless of their chiefest Good;
So unconcern'd at what concerns them most.

D E L I A.

But surely none can plead Excuse from Ignorance
In this enlighten'd Age; and in those Parts where ev'ry
Saving Truth is daily taught.

O L I N D A.

That is most certain; yet we must allow
Some Labour under Disadvantages;
And they no small ones, *Delia*!

Ev'n from unhappy Parents, who perhaps
Are little capable to give Instruction;
But more, I fear, neglect it; whilst others by Example
Plunge them into Guilt.

Sad Thought I own, and much to be lamented!
Nor can they be excus'd, if they neglect
Those Opportunities which daily offer.

The Fault is theirs; and Ignorance will be charg'd
On such as wilful,

D E L I A.

Indeed it is amazing to behold
How many in this World are dead to Virtue;
Even amongst those who say they are Believers.

Religion seems to have no greater Pow'r within their
[Breast]
Than as the Country entertains a Fashion.

O L I N D A.

Alas ! they are unwilling to reflect ;
So hurry headlong thro' the unthinking Road :
A Path that's no less dangerous than common.
If e'er *they think* they take a superficial *View* of Goodness,
And as it were thro' magnifying Glass,
View all those Difficulties we must surmount ;
So fancy them much greater than they are.
They will not be acquainted with its Worth ;
So never know the Pleasures in Religion ;
Its sweet Serenity, and holy Rapture ;
The Miseries it guards us from ev'n here ;
And all its Joys and Hopes in what's hereafter.

D E L I A.

Among'st the many Blessings Heav'n's bestow'd
On me, your Conversation shall be always reckon'd
No small one : And Heav'n, which knows the Secrets of
[my Soul,
Knows how it wou'd rejoice my Heart to be
An Instrument in your Deliverance.

O L I N D A.

I'm satisfy'd in thy Fidelity,
And 'twou'd indeed be Happiness cou'd I
Regain my peaceful Privacy.
But even there one Grief wou'd still remain.
Alas ! the lovely worthy Youth is lost ;
For ever lost, I fear, to wretched me !

I pray

I pray thee inform me, *Delia*, how thou camest
To be so great a Fav'rite with the King
And how thou hast preserv'd thy Virtue safe
'Midst so much Danger? [*DELIA weeps.*]
I'm sorry that my Question shou'd disturb thee.
Why do'st thou weep? Believe me, my Enquiry
Was not intended to give thee this Concern.

D E L I A.

Oh, Madam! do not so unkindly wound me
To think that I'm displeas'd with this your Freedom.
I will but dry my Eyes, and I will answer;
And by it ease my Heart of half its Burthen.
My Mother was a near Attendant on
The King's Sister: She dy'd when I was young,
And left me, and an elder Sister: The
Good Princess took us to her Care. Long she
Did not live, but on her Death-Bed did engage the King
To provide for us. Unhappy Kindness! he ruin'd my
[poor Sister,
That it was which makes those Tears to flow. I, it seems,
Have something in my Person displeasing to his Fancy.
For I never yet have met with any thing of that Nature
[from him:]
For which, thus low I bend in Thanks to Heav'n.

O L I N D A.

Thou dear, good Maid, let me embrace thee;
And let us seek some pleasing gloomy Shade,
Where on a flow'ry Bank we'll lie us down,
Close by the Side of a soft purling Stream,
Whose gentle Musick will divert our Cares:

There.

There, like two Turtles, we will mourn our Grief;
And, by comparing Trouble, lessen Sorrow.



SCENE *changes to the Prison.*

ARCHON *discovered at just awaked.*

A R C H O N.

It was a pleasing Dream. Say then, my Soul !
Oh thou mysterious Thing !
Say, Is thy wonderful Existence seen
More clearly, when the Veil of Sleep is drawn ;
Why ? For 'tis thought that Brutes can dream.
Nor is that Thought unnatural, since they are
Possess'd of all our Senses. Objects then
May play upon those Senses, and produce
The same : And any of our Senses may
By long Difuse be lost, and ne'er appear
In Dreams : Then this discovers nothing.
But when we find our Faculties display'd,
(Which are the fairest Marks that Heav'n has shown)
Ev'n when the Body seems but little more,
Than when the Gloom of Death has clos'd its Eyes,
Then shall they be as lively as the Morn,
And we can by our Memory retain ;
And by our Understanding make Reflection.
This may be a little Image of its future Life :
And shew how Spirits separate from this Body
(By Objects fitted to their Natures) may
Be capable of Happiness or Pain.

Enter **DELIA.**

How

D E L I A.

How pow'rful are the pleasing Charms of Goodness?
Else this Prison, in which is lodg'd such Numbers of
[Offenders,

And dress'd with Circumstances full of Horror,
How might it terrify and raise
Strange Apprehensions in my tim'rous Breast :
But when I think what Worth lies here oppress'd,
And what it is for to relieve such Misery,
My Fears disperse, and I can pass with Ease.
See, where he lies ! — Ah, piteous Sight, indeed !
Might move Compassion in the hardest Heart.
How fare ye, Sir ?

A R C H O N.

I thank you, gentle Maid.
Your Presence always makes my Trouble lighter.
You are so good, my Heart must needs be cheer'd
Whenever you approach. You, who can leave
The sweet Delights of Court to tread so oft
For me this lonely Path, where only Grief,
Despair and Horror dwell !

D E L I A.

However sad this gloomy Mansion be,
When such as you are its Inhabitants,
And Misery like your's demand my Aid ;
I sure may well be glad to lend Assistance,
And visit where good Angels love to come.

A R C H O N.

O ! may those Angels ever guard you safe
From ev'ry Danger that arise in Life,
'Till you become a Sharer in their Bliss.

But

But say, how does my poor afflicted Child? [*Delia weep.*]
Is she still safe from Violence? Ah, you weep.
Answer me, I pray; for much, indeed, I fear.

D E L I A.

I beg you now, Sir, be not thus disturb'd;
For she is safe, and ever will I trust.
She sends her kindest tenderest Thoughts by me;
And bid me represent her Tears by mine:
And that's a Task I easily perform,
Who am so great a Sharer in her Sorrows.
But what occasion'd now this Visit was,
To tell you that the King is coming here
To talk with you. I thought it wou'd be kind
To give you Notice, to prevent Surprise.

[*A Bell ring.*]

But I can no more. He is already enter'd:
I know it by that Signal.—Farewell, and may
Your Words have Power to alter his Resolve.

[*Exit DELIA.*]

Enter King.

K I N G.

Guards, wait without.
I fancy, Sir, you did not think to find
A Visitor like me approach this Place:
But you may see what powerful Love can do.
Why will you chuse to live thus wretchedly,
When Greatness waits to crown your utmost Wish?

A R C H O N.

Is't not enough, that you've depriv'd my Soul
Of ev'ry Earthly Joy; but you must come

23
To mock my Misery, and triumph o'er
The Wretchedness you cause?

K I N G.

Mistake me not;
Old Man, I am not at this time dispos'd
For Mirth: You may remember that it was
Your own Stubborness caused you this Trouble.
Had you consented, nay, wou'd you yet comply
With my Demand, I'd take you from this Dungeon;
And raise you both to such a Pitch of Greatness,
Wou'd make you envy'd by the wond'ring World:

A R C H O N.

Not for a thousand Worlds wou'd I consent
To such a Wickedness. No, let me still
Endure yet more Affliction, if so it be
Heav'n's Will,
Rather than disobey its righteous Law.
The utmost Period is but Length of Life.
That ended, we shall find
Abundant Recompence for all our Sufferings:

K I N G.

Gladly I wou'd persuade you to be wise,
And to be happy:
Reflect a little. Take a nearer View
Of what I offer. You are not certain of what
You so much fear, nor what you hope. Shou'd you
Be deceiv'd, then think how much you lose.

A R C H O N.

To ev'ry serious thinking Mind that does
Not wish it shou'd be otherwise, nothing

D

Can

Can be more sure. But say, it is but possible :
Who that is wise wou'd stake at such a Rate,
When all he hopes to win is so uncertain ;
But, if he lose, must be undone for ever !

K I N G.

Dream on, fond Dotard ! hug thy Folly still.
Thou may, perhaps, repent when 'tis too late.
Once more I'll try to soften fair *Olinda*
By gentle Suit. But if she do refuse,
And cross me still ; then, then expect to feel
My fierce Resentment ; and Woe upon you both !
[Exit King.]

The End of the Second A C T.



A C T the Third.

Enter OLINDA and DELIA.

*The SCENE a Grove, OLINDA
with a Paper.*

O L I N D A.

SURE some one in the Court there is who does
Delight in Virtue, if he be the Author or
Transcriber of these Lines. I found them
As I pass'd through yonder Walk. They are
Worth our Notice, *Delia*, and I'll read them.

O L I N D A

OLINDA READS.

- " Virtue, the choicest Blessing we can boast ;
" Virtue as lovely as the blushing Morn,
" All soft and fair as Winds that gently fan
" The opening Buds whose balmy Sweets distill
" In fragrant Odours,
" Shedding their healthy Influence around !
" Happy's the Breast possess'd of such a Treasure ;
" A Treasure far beyond the gaudy Riches
" Of the fading World.
" A Treasure everlasting and divine :
" For Virtue's ever merciful and kind.
" Virtue is all forgiving ; its only Care
" Is to do good to all as Angels are.
" Happy indeed's the Mind that is thus bless'd
" With solid Virtue. Virtue has a Charm,
" To make us bear Misfortune as we ought :
" To make us even look on Death with Pleasure.
" Death, a Thing which most our Nature loaths.
" Not but the wondrous Change must needs surprize :
" But then 'twill be of a quite different Nature
" To that which then must seize the wicked Breast,
" As when we hope to meet a Friend from far,
" Which we are satisfied some time will come.
" But when we know not when he does arrive,

*"We wonder at the long expected Guest ;
"Then mingles with the Dust, and are at Rest."*

D E L I A.

Indeed, they're wond'rous pleasing ;
And well, methinks, adapted to your Case.
Sure it was Providence guided your Steps that Way.

O L I N D A.

So, indeed, I think ; for manifold are its secret
Workings ; and, from Causes small and unobserv'd
By the Unthinking, often may we draw great
Advantage : Even so in all the lowest Ranks of
Life, if Virtue guides our Steps, a wond'rous
Stock of Goodness may be found : For all are
Number'd, and shall all receive a just
Proportion of that promised Bliss. —

How beautiful is the Face of this fair Morn !
O ! how my wearied Soul longs to enjoy
Her wonted Happiness in rural Pleasures !
How poor are gilded Roofs, with all the
Grandeur that a Court can find, to those
Sweet Scenes of Evening Sun, gilding the
Mountain-Tops, and the fair Moon, with all
Her Sister-Train of glitt'ring Stars, which
Dress the Face of Heaven. O ! how delightful
Is that ambient Air we breath each Morn,
With all those aromack Sweets which flow
From thousand, thousand beautiful Flowers. Ah !
Pleasing Sight ! with Trees, and Birds, and
Springs,

Murmurs, and do all declare the Wisdom, Power
And Goodness of that Hand, which made them
All, and gives us to enjoy. I prithee, *Delia*,
Let me hear that Musick thou sung me
Yesterday : The Notes are soothing, and will
Soften Grief.

DELIA SINGS.

I.

*Ye fellows Swains, who sport and toil
From early Dawn to Shade pursue,
With Pity view the cruel Spoil,
And triumph o'er a Heart as true,
As e'er at Paphos Offerings made :
And fly with Care the cruel Maid.*

II.

*Shun all those Shades, where at high Day
She leads her fleecy Flocks to feed :
Nor dart a random Glance that way,
Or vainly hope you may succeed :
And sure 'tis vain for every Art
Of Love, I've try'd to touch her Heart.*

THE SONG ENDED, ENTER THE KING.

KING.

Happy *Delia* ! who thus can entertain this Beauty.
O that I was but bless'd with half thy Art,
I then might hope in time to thaw this Coldness.
Methinks you look more beautiful to Day than
Ever I beheld you. Your Eyes have lighted
Up such Fires within my Breast, that if you
Still delay to grant me Love, will quite consume me.
Say, my fair One ! have I found a luckier Moment
To solicit in ?

O L I N D A.

All Moments are alike in Life to me,
In which I am to guard against Temptation.
Forbear, I beg you, then to wound my Peace ;
And give yourself a Minute's Time to think,
That I can never grant what you require.
Then be assured that all Sollicitations are in vain.

K I N G.

Ungrateful ! tell me, hast thou well consider'd
Of all I offer'd thee ? Say, has not Pow'r and
Greatness one Charm to move thee, that thou
Appears thus frozen ? Think what it is to be
A Monarch's Favourite ? To have admiring Crowds
Pay Homage to thee, and make their Court
All Day ? For thou shalt be the Disposer of
All Preferment, and next my self in Pow'r.
Hast thou no Ambition ? Cannot all This charm thee ?

O L I N D A.

This, and much more than you have mention'd
In that Scene of Greatness, I can behold,

Without

Without the least Desire e'er to possess.
 Nay, did they all descend to me by Right,
 They could not raise one Transport in my Breast.
 For tho' they're Blessings, if they're rightly used;
 Yet they do bear about them such Temptation,
 Such deadly Poison lurks in the Possession,
 That oft disturbs our Peace, and quite destroys
 Our Happiness hereafter.

But when they're purchas'd at the Price of Sin,
 I look with loathing on them, and wou'd fly
 Far as the Earth's Verge to shun the Danger.

K I N G.

Foolish Maid ! thy Father's Lessons and thy Melan-

[cholly

Have wrought a Frenzy in thy Brain, which
 Hinder thee from tasting all Delight,
 What makes thee fearful ? Where's the Pow'r will
 Know'st thou of any greater than my own ?

O L I N D A.

O do not speak prophane, but call up

Wisdom, and let Religion guide you.

If there is not a Power divine, a Pow'r, which
 We must love, which we must fear ; from
 Whence, my Lord, did you derive your Pow'r ?

K I N G.

From C H A N C E.

O L I N D A.

O that my Tongue had now the Pow'r to charm
 As once it had, my Soul wou'd joy to see
 The happy Change. —

If you behold no farther than this World ;
Does not That plainly speak a constant Miracle
Can you look on that Sun, which now darts on you
And can you think that Chance cou'd e'er
Produce it ? If so, why, then, it might by Chance
Forget to shine, forget to rise, and bless the
World with Light ?

How has it for these many thousand Years
Stood in its Orb with most amazing Lustre ?
Does not This shew forth a ruling Power,
Which governs All ? Or else it might decay,
And leave th' affrighted World in total Darkness.

K I N G.

I feel a strange Emotion in my Breast,
Which prompts me to a Thing I lately scorn'd.
It shall be so. Thou Charmer, thou hast conquer'd.
Yes, this same Sun, on which so well thou'lt talk'd,
To Morrow shall shine forth upon thy Nuptials.
The holy Priest shall justly make thee mine :
Will That content thee ? What, only answer me
With Weeping !

O L I N D A.

I beg your Majesty be not displeased ;
Nor think I am insensible of the high Honour
Your Goodness offer'd. I know my self unworthy
Of the Favour, and beg you wou'd forget this
Fatal Passion ; for I have given my Promise
To another ; nor can go back ;
For list'ning Angels heard the Vows we made,
And bore them up to the bless'd Courts above,

Where

[31]
Where they are register'd ; and there must stand
Till Death dissolves the Tie.

K I N G.

O thou perverse one ! Tell me, dost thou think
That all thy Arguments shall cross my Love ?
No, since my Crown and Empire fail to win the,
Force shall secure the Happiness I wish.
First, shall thy Father bleed : By That, I'll try
If all thy boasted Constancy can arm
Thy Heart with Courage equal to the Tryal.

O L I N D A.

O stay a little ! Yet, one Moment hear me !

K I N G.

Persuasion's vain : He shall not only die,
But he shall suffer the acutest Pains
A meditating Anger can invent.
I'll give thee but an Hour to consider in :
I'll walk that while, and then return to hear
Thy last Resolve.

Exit King.

O L I N D A.

He's gone ! Support me Heav'n in this Distress !
Canst thou not speak one Word of Comfort,
Delia ? But see, some Person treads this Way.
Let us retire : My Heart is almost sunk
Beneath its Weight.

D E L I A.

It is the Prince but just return'd from Travel.
He does indulge a secret Melancholy.

E

And

And seeks those Shades for Privacy.

[OLINDA and DELIA going, and
met by the Prince.

P R I N C E.

O Ecstasy ! O Transport ! It is she !
Welcome, my Love ! Welcome as Health to one
Who long has labour'd under some Disease :
Or as the Sun after a gloomy Storm,
So does thy Presence chear my drooping Soul.

O L I N D A.

Amazement ! Can it be ?
Didst thou not say it was the Prince, my Delia ?

P R I N C E.

What, not one Word to recompence my Sufferings ?
Why turn'st thou from me, and why flow these Tears ?

O L I N D A.

Do you not wonder, Sir, to see me here ?
Did you imagine when we parted last,
That our next Meeting shou'd be in the Court ?

P R I N C E.

O thou hast rouz'd a Thought within my Breast,
Which much disturbs me : for my Joy to find
Thee had so transported me, that I beheld
Thee still in those dear Shades I used to visit.
Say, how is all this ?

O L I N D A.

I cannot now relate each Circumstance
Of this unhappy Change ; but be assured
It is not with my Choice. Then let me beg

You'd

May come and find you.

What wou'd his Fury urge him to commit !

When you are gone, my faithful *Delta*

Shall attend you, and tell each Circumstance

Of my sad Sufferings.

P R I N C E.

O this but more alarms me, cruel Fair !

My Soul no longer torture with Suspence.

Hast thou a Sorrow that I wou'd not share :

Nay, were it possible, I'd bear them all.

Alas ! I fear thy Charms have reach'd his Heart.

Else, why is all this dreadful Apprehension ?

I prithee now unburthen all thy Care

Into my Breast, and let me know the worst.

O L I N D A.

Why will you draw fresh Miseries upon me ?

I have already more than I can bear.

Except good Heav'n afford a special Aid.

The King's indeed in Love, and condescends

To offer me his Crown, but finding that refused,

He, fired to Rage, threaten'd my Father's Death.

Think you not then I've Cause for all these Tears ?

And can you add Affliction by your Stay ?

Hope that we only part to meet again ;

Perhaps a happier Time may this succeed.

For tho' the Storm beats loud, and threatens Ruin ;

Yet Providence has many secret Ways

To work our Safety unperceiv'd by us ;

And 'tis our Duty to use ev'ry Means

But see, the King appears.

Now call up all your Virtue. Believe me, Sir,
You'll stand in need on it all to guard
Against the Danger that approaches.

[Enter the King]

K I N G.

Thanks to my Policy, which made me stand
To observe a while, before you saw me enter.
Happy Brother! I do not wonder now that all
You have said in Praise of Solitude, nor
At the Pains you took in private Rambles to
Visit this fair Creature. She, no doubt, has
Amplly rewarded you; but mark me well, give
Up all Thoughts of evermore possessing this
Rare Beauty; or dearly shall you both repent
Your Folly.

P R I N C E.

I have long since experienc'd, that it is in vain
To expect a Favour from you, Sir, which clashes
With your Humour, or your Pleasure; so shall
Forbear to importune you now. But give me
Leave to tell your Majesty, It is unmanly and
Unjust to asperse that Virtue, which your
Crown has failed to move.

K I N G.

If she is virtuous, she is more deserving of a
King's Embrace; then instantly resign all Right
You may pretend to her by any private Contract.

Nay,

Nay, do not hesitate ; for I'm resolved to
Take her for my Queen.

P R I N C E.

Command me now to fight your strongest Foe,
And you shall find I'll readily obey :

But to give up my Love, to whom I've sworn
A lasting Constancy ne'er to forsake,
Wou'd be unjust ; and I must now confess
I cannot, nay, I dare not obey.

K I N G.

What ! has she fill'd thy Breast with Scruples too ?
Taught thee her Fears, and all her airy Notions
Of an *Hereafter* ? But, what's all this to me ?
Thou Trifler, be dumb ; and yield to what
I now demand, or I will plunge my Dagger
In thy Breast.

O L I N D A.

O hold, for Pity's sake, do not so foul a Deed,
As sure will weigh you down in Misery.
Droop not, my Prince ; but let Remembrance cheer you.
Think of the many pleasing Hours we've pass'd
In friendly Converse ; and remember, Sir, how oft
You have declared, that nothing e'er appear'd to
You more clear, than what we have receiv'd.
To prove the Certainty of sacred Records,
Which have been so preserv'd in all past Ages,
And guarded down to us by all good Men ;
Which plainly shews it is the Work of Heaven.
And if we now must suffer, let us with Patience
Bear the threaten'd Stroke. That Tryal ended,

We

We shall then be free, and ling with Angels,
And enjoy a perfect Happiness will know
No End.

K I N G.

[Offering to stab him, drops the Dagger,

First, let him go, and bring thee News of all,
What's this I feel ! A deadly Sickness now has
Seized my Heart. I have lost my Strength.
I cannot move my Arm. O Horror ! where
Am I going now ! — [King dies.

P R I N C E.

He is dead. Now dry thy Tears, my Queen,

Q U E E N.

Take Care, my Lord, and strictly guard your
Heart, least it shou'd triumph in this dismal
Ruin. Do not permit one Glance of Joy to
Enter at that Gate ; but let us fear and
Walk more warily, when we have humbly
Offer'd up our Thanks for this so wonderful
A Preservation. Nature and Duty will
Demand some Tears at this sad Sight. That
Debt discharged, permit me then to visit my
Poor Father, and give me Leave to take
Him from his loathsome Habitation,

P R I N C E.

Thou fairest, best of all thy Sex, be sure
Thy Councils shall be ever dear to me.
For thou, methinks, like some good Angel,
Found me all desolate, benighted and
Forlorn, without one Glimpse of Light, by

Which

Which I might with Safety steer amidst
 This stormy Sea, 'till thou didst dart
 Thy friendly Rays upon me. Nay, do not
 Blush, because you know me now ; for I will
 Ever own I am your Convert.
 All you that tread in Virtue's strictest Path,
 And practices all its severest Rules ;
 Come now, and view the great Reward we meet.
 Affliction for a Time may overflow.
 Since we must all in Suff'ring bear a Share ;
 Yet, fear not, Heav'n makes such its greatest Care.

The End of the Third and Last A C T.



By the AUTHOR.

Wou'd bounteous Heav'n one Wish on me bestow,
 Thus wou'd I ask, and this should be my Boon:
 Place me within a pleasant Space of Ground,
 Adorn'd with Trees ; whose fruitful Branches hang
 Loaded with Fruit, that ripen to the Sun ;
 Whilst others bloom, with Blossoms, (for I'd have A
 It always Spring :) Winter shou'd not have Pow'r
 For to approach, nor with its Icy Hand
 Deface the verdant Ground. Thro' Mid'st of this
 Shou'd run a crystal Stream, on whose fair Borders
 Grow Variety of Flowers ; and nigh those Banks
 Should stand a little Chapel, joyning to
 My Bower. Within, a holy Man, that lives

For

For Good of Souls. Some Neighbours too I'd have
 But such (since such there must be,
 Whilst this fine Fabrick of the World endures)
 Whose Misfortunes have render'd poor : But not
 To take Advantage of their Poverty.

No. — I'd consider them as Men, who have
 An equal Claim, to share this World's Enjoyments :
 And tho' the gracious Hand of Providence
 Thinks fit to show them in a Scene of Sorrow ;
 They, may, perhaps, be Favourites of Heav'n.
 My Ground shou'd be well fortify'd by Hills,
 That none shou'd have Power to enter, without Leave :
 For I'd be retir'd from the World.

And give me here, good Heav'n ! a Friend, or two ;
 But let them be such as are worthy of
 The sacred Name : Such as admire and do
 Reward true Virtue :

Whose honest Hearts participate our Woe,
 And share our Joys. For, shou'd Affliction rise,
 To vent our Sorrows in a friendly Breast,
 Eases the Load : And if our Lives are crown'd
 By smiling Joy, to share the Pleasure with
 A gen'rous Friend, doth add a Lustre to
 The mighty Bliss : Then limit our Days all
 At an equal Length ;
 That one of us may not survive the other :
 But grant, that we may all decline together,
 Sink to the Grave, and be at Rest for ever.

F. I. N. I. S.

